

the captain; this the Harriet, Captain Harris), with their immense sails, in the most masterly manner; but nothing should tempt a traveller to trust the American coast late in the autumn, or too early in the spring. I forgot to mention, that among other handy contrivances I was struck by the way the fishmongers keep their fish alive in floating safes at the wharves; fishing them up when wanted. Not far off eight men were moving a large frame house on rollers: and another, at the foot of High-street, was breaking up and clearing away, with a vigour and promptitude never seen in Europe.

Long Island, which is more than a hundred miles in length, and ten to fifteen wide, is most singularly formed at its north-eastern end: it encloses a vast deep bay, in shape something like the claws of a lobster, full of small islands. Nothing can be imagined more happily contrived for the purposes of shelter, fishing, and intercommunication.

We ran into Greenport, a small town on the inner claw, to which there is a railroad from New York (Brooklyn) direct (carried out, as usual, to the water's edge), along the centre of the island; to which I have alluded early in my tour. It is full of towns, villages, and farms. The inhabitants are a good many shades more settled, quiet, and primitive than their fellow New Yorkers across the east river; which divides them.

Generally, this fine island is highly cultivated; and they have every facility by land and water to the New York market for all their surplus grain and cattle.

It blew and rained so hard that we were forced to remain at the wooden wharf all night, leaving our young gunners and their better halves at the Picconic Hotel, where I slept, nothing loth, tired of the day's tossing. By daylight we were off again, to beat up under Shelter Island, to Sagg Harbour, fifteen miles farther up; it being the head of my lobster.

All these towns and villages have a close resemblance, not only in New England but all over the States. The business street or streets next the wharves, of brick houses, the rest of the town straggling far, in wide streets, unpaved, and shaded by the weeping willow; the houses large and handsome, in frame, boarded and painted white, with green Venetian shutters, most of them standing in their own small gardens and grounds, surrounded by neat wooden palings; several churches and chapels, mostly wooden, spires and all, and of large dimensions. The largest here is remarkably handsome, most elaborate in ornament, graceful, and in good taste. In its yard, now grown old and venerable; as much so as such things are apparently in England, not searching beyond two hundred years, I looked in vain for the grave of one once near and dear to me; but six-and-thirty years is a fearful time to

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